

A DELL COMIC • A DELL COMIC •
DELL 1939
• A DELL COMIC •

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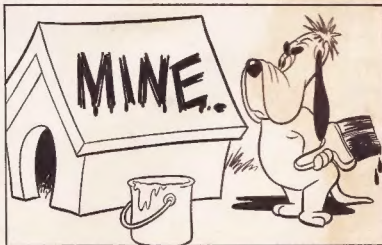
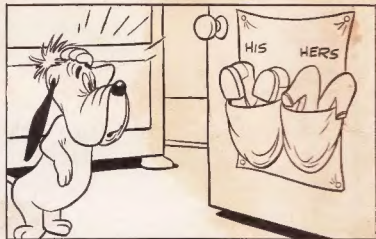
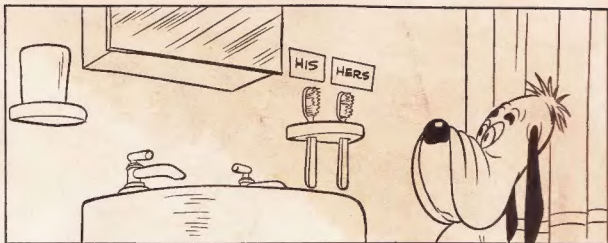


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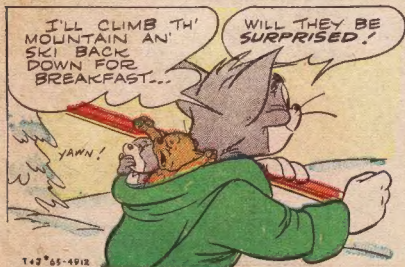
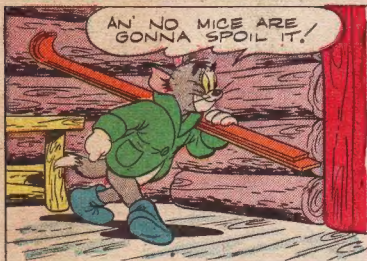
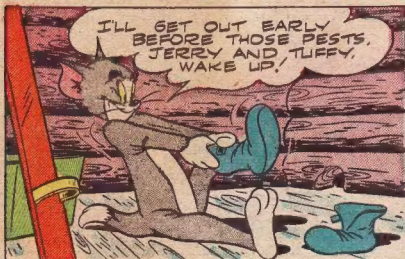
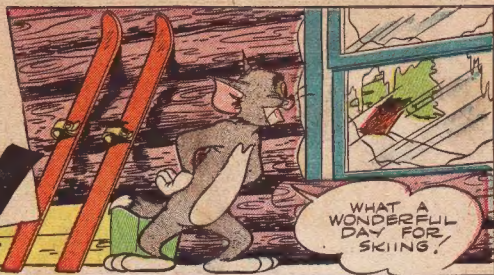
52 pages
ALL COMICS!

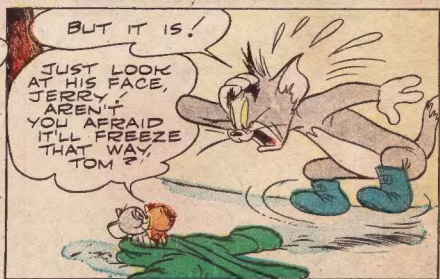
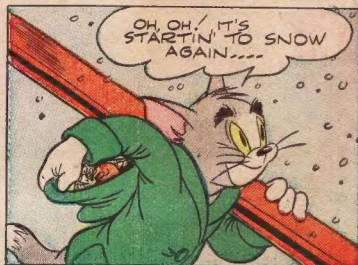
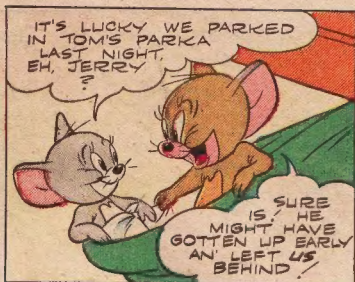
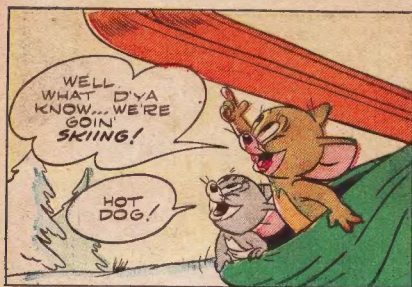
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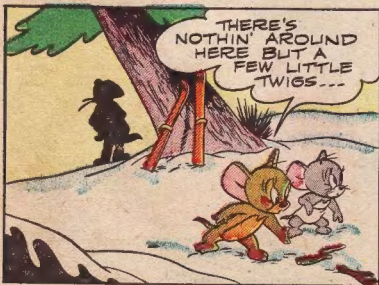
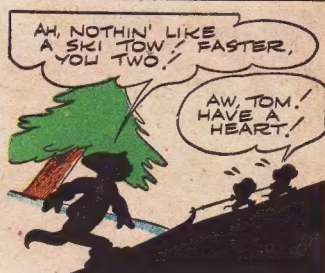
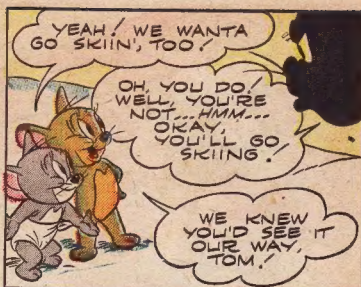
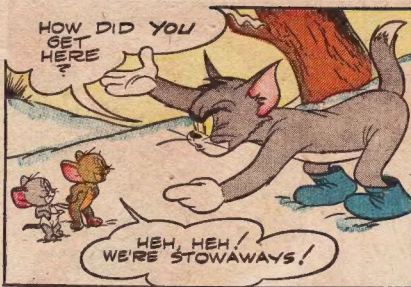


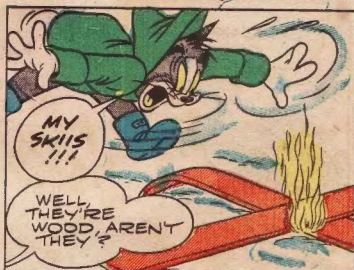
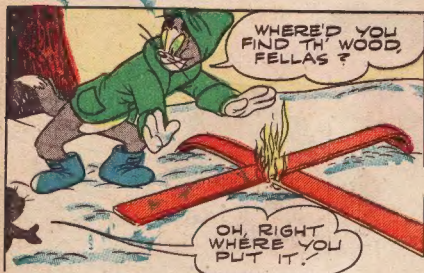
TOM & JERRY COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 65, December, 1949. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter May 9, 1949, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1949 by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

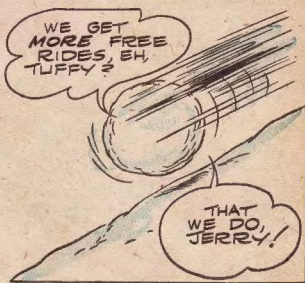
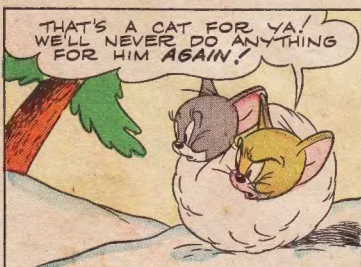
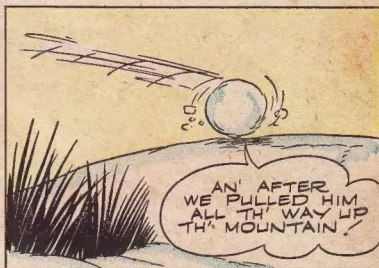
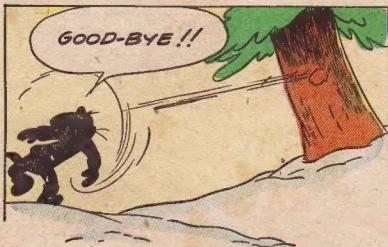
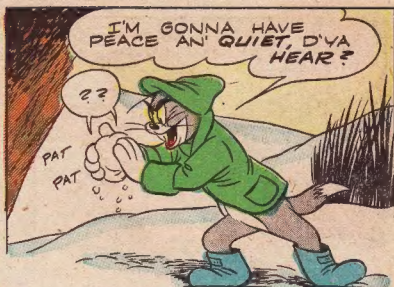
M-G-M-CARTOONS
present
**TOM
and
JERRY**

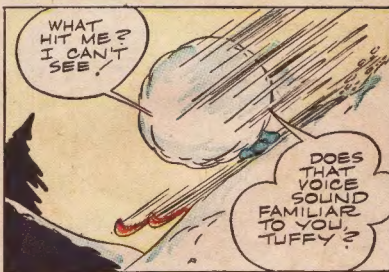
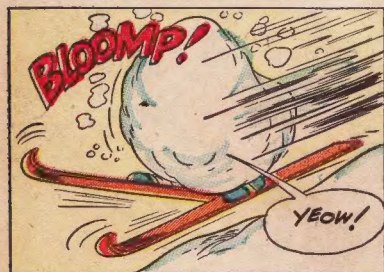
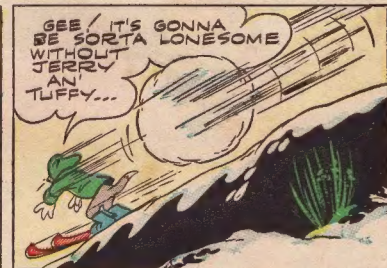


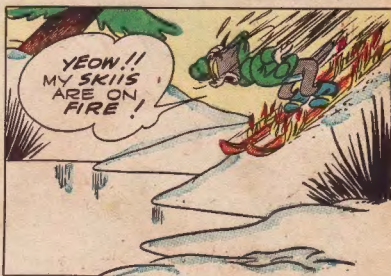
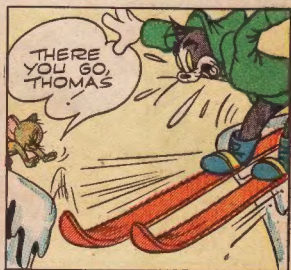
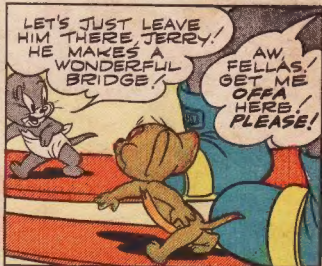
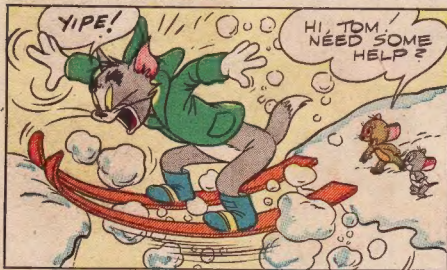
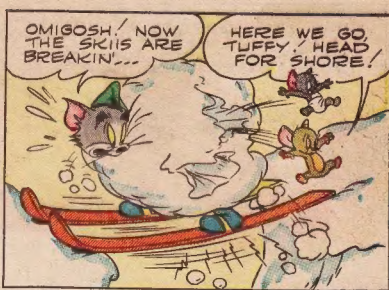
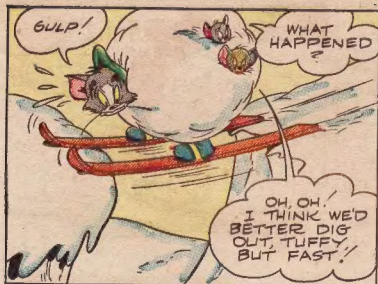


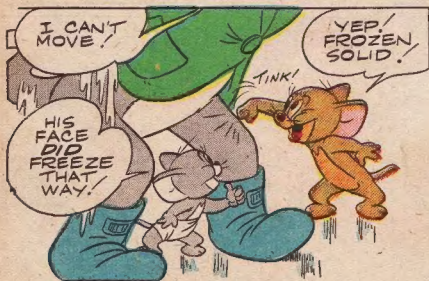
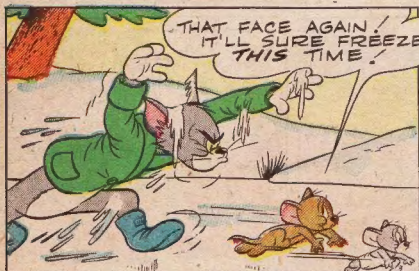
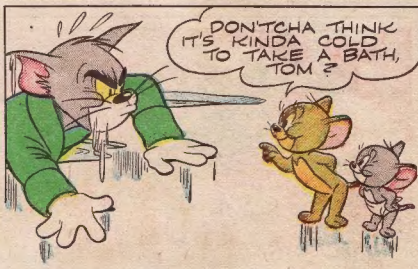
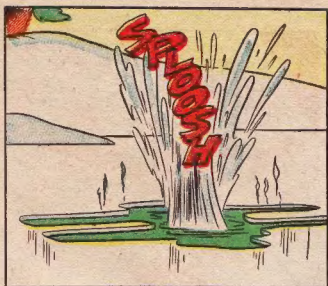
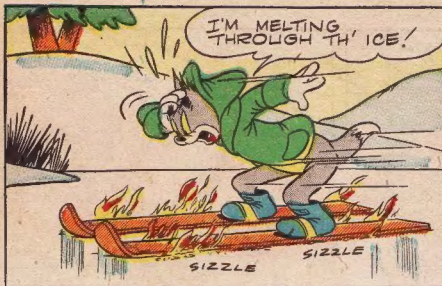


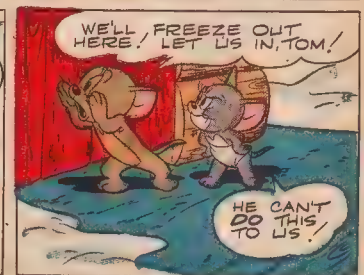
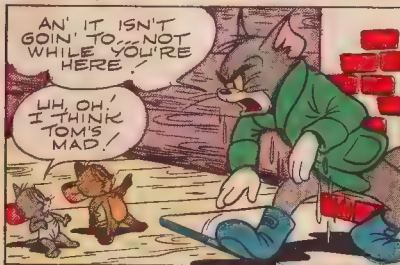
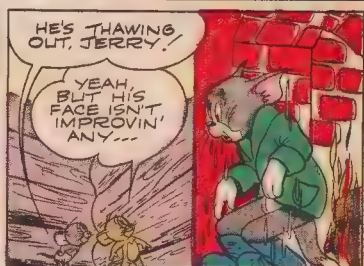
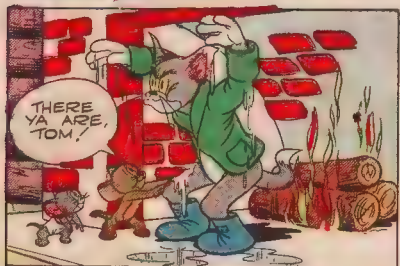
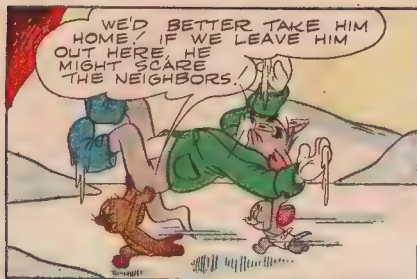


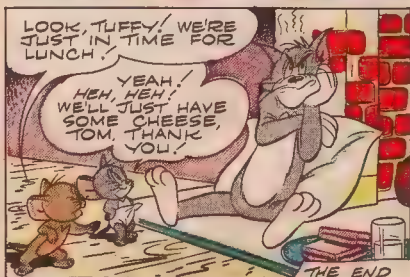
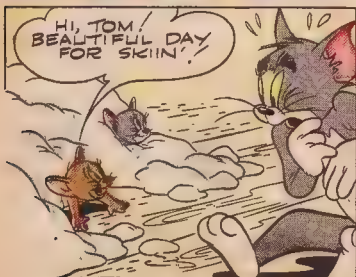
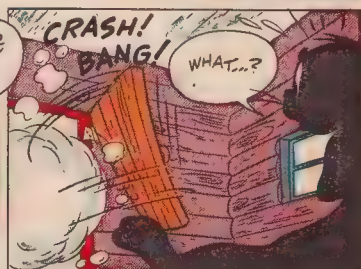
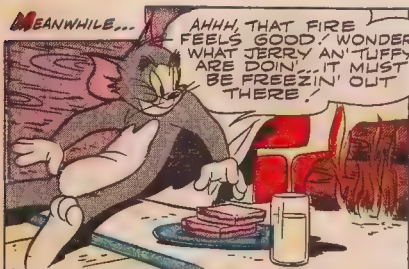
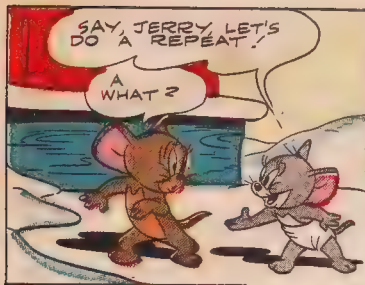










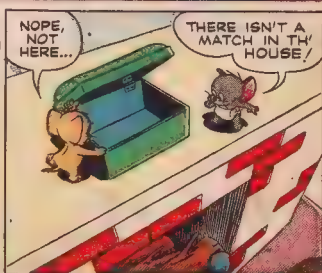
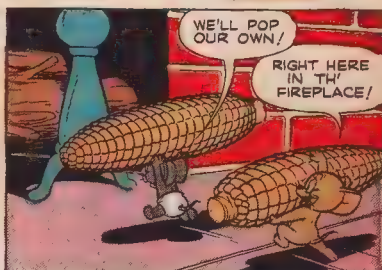
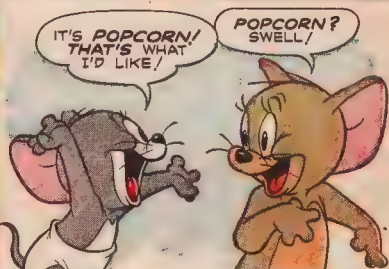
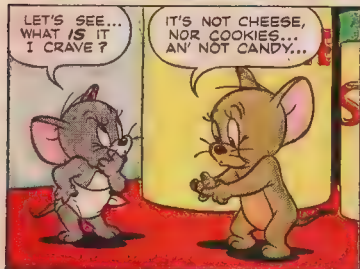


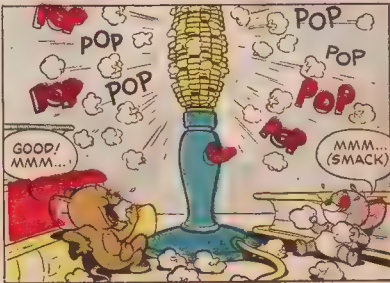
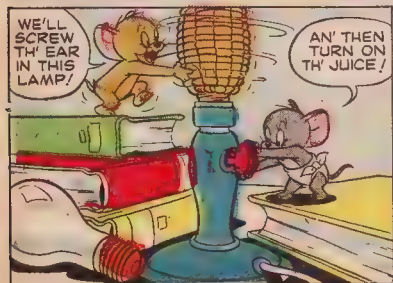
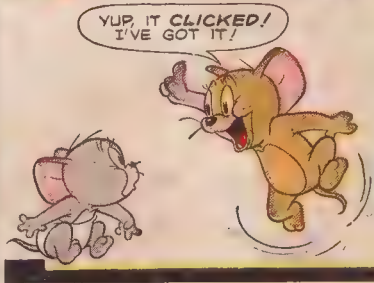
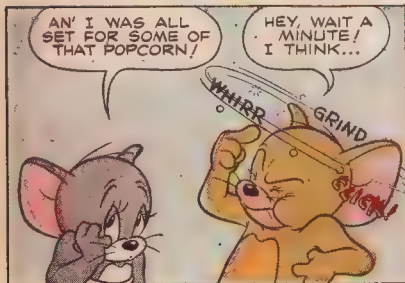
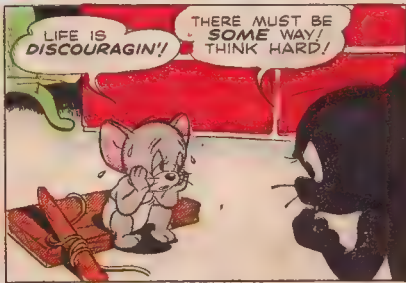
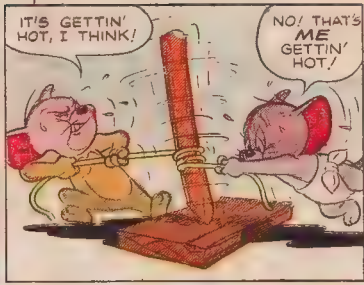
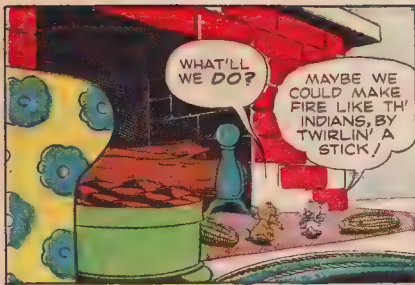
M. G. M. Cartoons
present

JERRY *and* TUFFY

JERRY, I'M HUNGRY FOR SOMETHING, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT!

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!



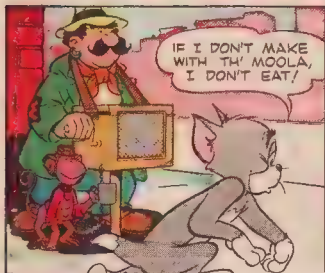


M. G. M. CARTOONS
present
The
Adventures
of
TOM

(SIGH) THINGS ARE TOUGH THESE DAYS! I'VE GOTTA GET A JOB!

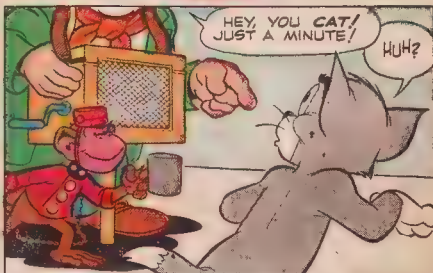


IF I DON'T MAKE WITH TH' MOOLA, I DON'T EAT!



HEY, YOU CAT! JUST A MINUTE!

HUH?



YOU WANT A JOB?

WHY, ER...YES... MY SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE!



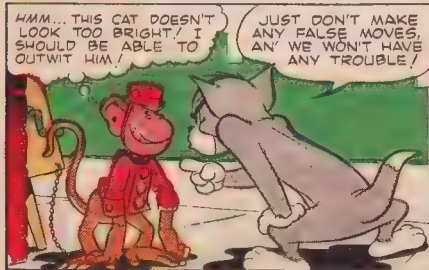
WHILE I GO FOR LUNCH, YOU MIND TH' MONK, GREGORIO... KEEP A GOOD WATCH!

RIGHT, BOSS! DON'T WORRY... HE'LL BE SAFE WITH ME!

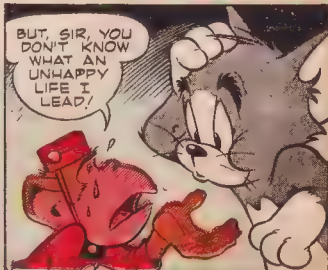


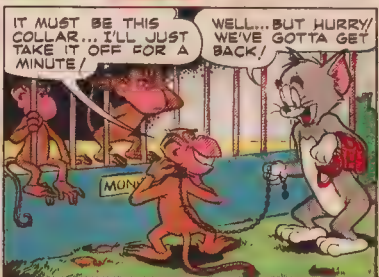
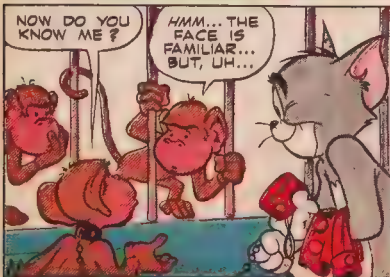
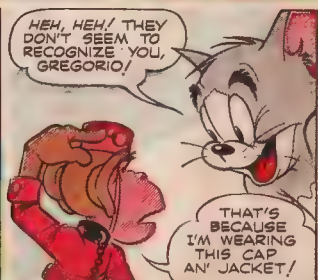
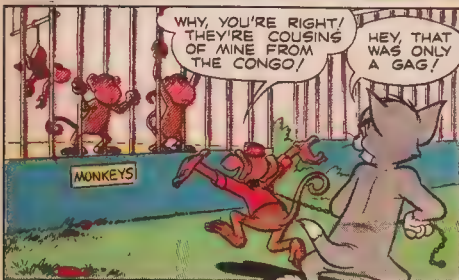
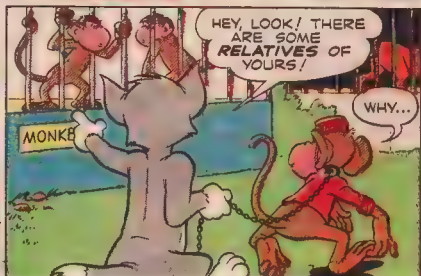
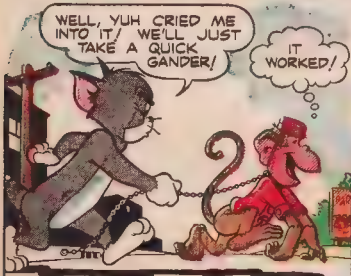
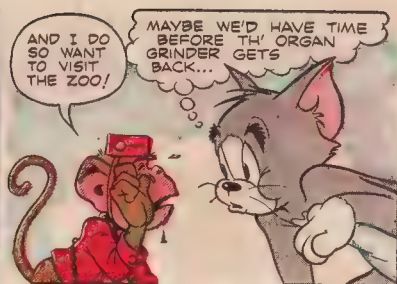
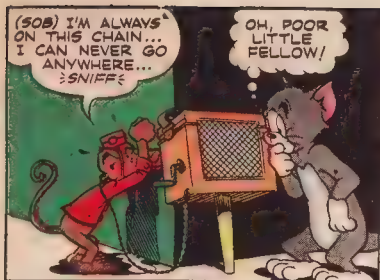
HMM... THIS CAT DOESN'T LOOK TOO BRIGHT! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO OUTWIT HIM!

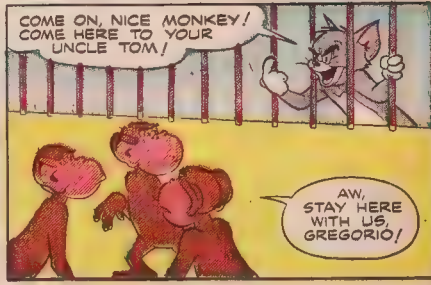
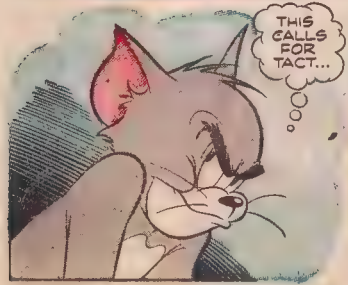
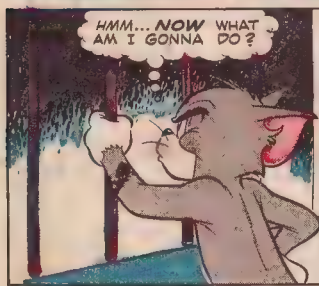
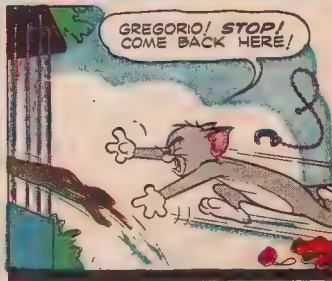
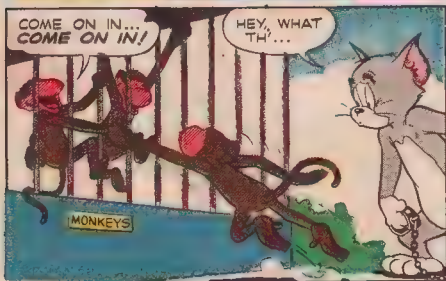
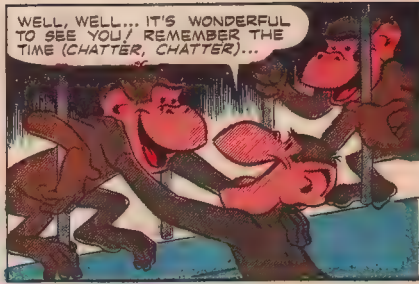
JUST DON'T MAKE ANY FALSE MOVES, AN' WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

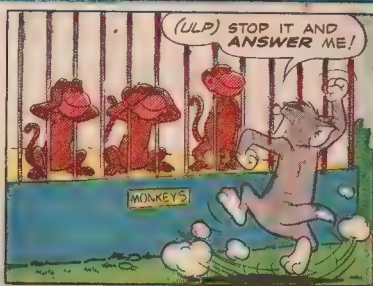
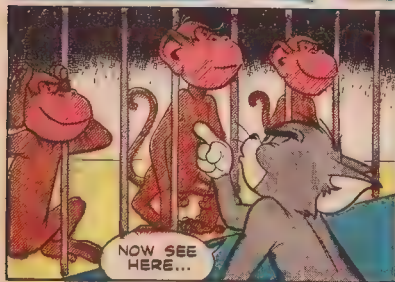
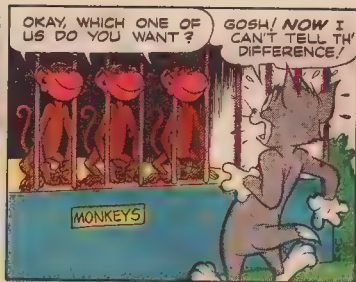
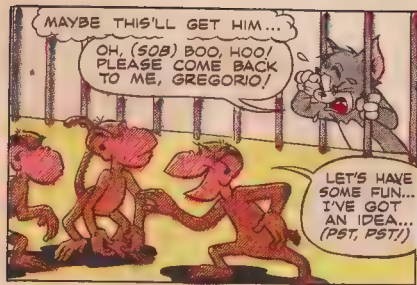


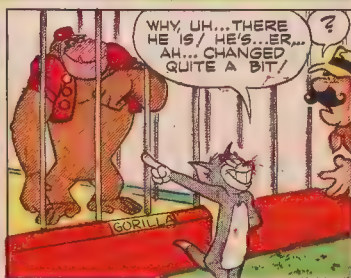
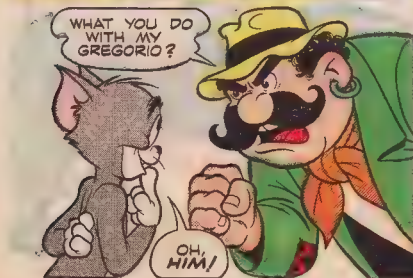
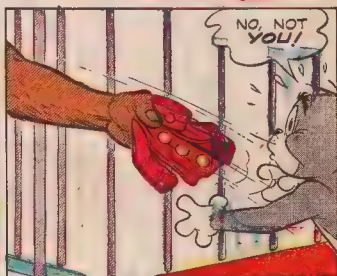
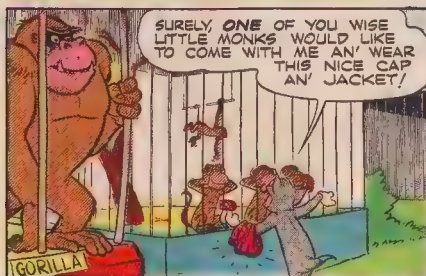
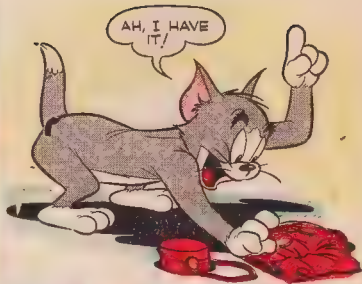
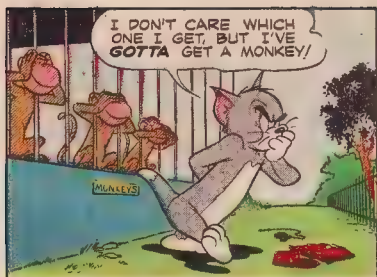
BUT, SIR, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT AN UNHAPPY LIFE I LEAD!

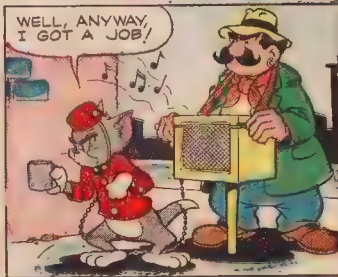
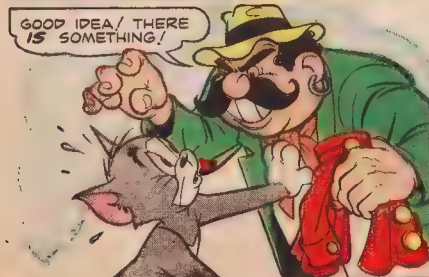
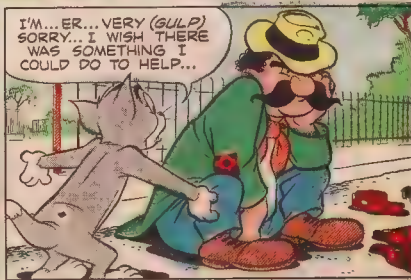
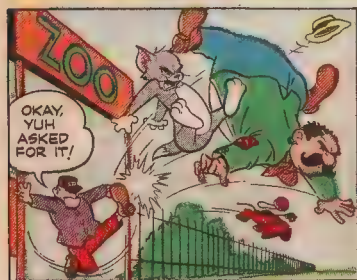
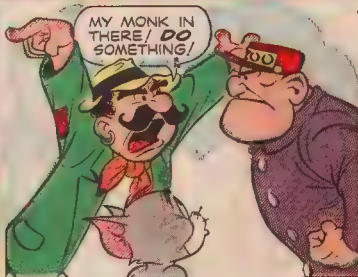
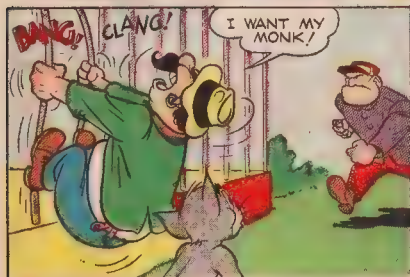
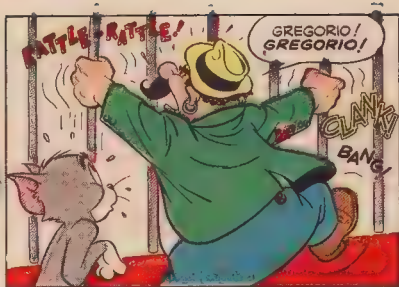




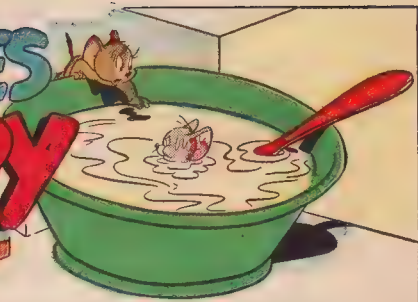








M.G.M. presents
the
ADVENTURES
of
JERRY



"Now!" shouted Jerry . . . and he and Tuffy rushed into the pastry shop. The two little mice had been waiting all morning for a chance to get through the door. Folks certainly hadn't been very considerate. Tuffy had gotten his tail caught twice and Jerry had gotten his nose banged by the swinging door . . . but the aroma of freshly baked pastry was like a powerful magnet to the two small pals.

They had watched carefully for just the right moment, and had finally made it inside the deliciously fragrant shop.

"Oh, boy! Oh boy! Oh boy!" gasped Tuffy, his eyes wide and shiny, and his nose twitching in anticipation.

Jerry looked around. He was just as excited as Tuffy, for they were surrounded by counters piled high with all kinds of goodies. Now their only problem was how to get at some of this delightful treasure.

"Ouch!!" squeaked Tuffy, as he reached into a shelf to get a cookie, and instead got his arm caught by a sliding glass door. Jerry pulled him free, but neither little fellow wanted to risk those sliding doors again.

There didn't seem to be one loose crumb that wasn't sealed behind glass. "Jerry, I can't stand this!" moaned Tuffy. "Bread, bread everywhere . . . and not a crumb to eat!"

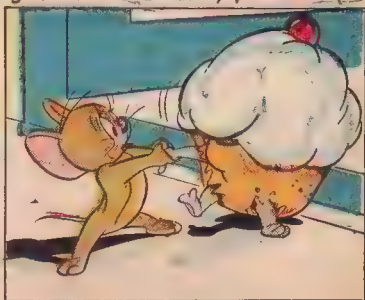
Then, before Jerry could stop him, Tuffy went running madly into the kitchen. He hopped up on one of the big tables . . . and tumbled headfirst into a large mixing bowl full of vanilla

custard!

Swishhhh!!! . . . Tuffy was scooped up in a big spoon, tucked firmly into a large cream puff, topped with whipped cream and put on a tray! Someone lifted the tray and was just about to pop it into the huge icebox, when Tuffy gave a mighty wiggle! He rolled off the tray and onto the floor. Then, he pushed his feet through the bottom of the pastry, and yelled, "Jerry! Jerry, help me! I can't see a thing!"

Jerry heard his pal's cry and ran to help him. "G-G-Gosh!!!" he stammered when he saw the walking apparition. ". . . Tuffy sure got his 'just desserts' for barging into THAT kitchen! . . . Hey, Tuffy!" Jerry cried. "See if you can poke a hand through, and I'll lead you! . . . That thing you're wearing may be in good taste, but it's too gooeey to push!"

Tuffy managed to get his hand through the side of the puff. Jerry grabbed it and hastily pulled his pal



through the open door.

"Whew!!" gasped Tuffy, crawling out of the cream puff. "I feel like custard's last stand!"

"You look like it!" agreed Jerry. "Imagine my strong he-mouse turning into a sweet, fluffy cream puff!!"

"I guess I did go a little wacky in there," admitted Tuffy, as he and Jerry sat behind a fire hydrant, gobbling up the remains of the battered cream puff. "But, at least I got us something to eat!"

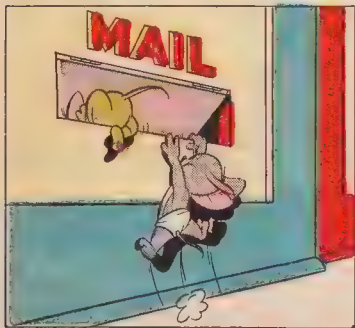
Jerry looked thoughtful. "If we play our cards right, Tuffy, I think we can have all the stuff we want out of that shop!"

"What do you mean?" asked Tuffy.

But Jerry would only shake his head and say, "Wait and see!"

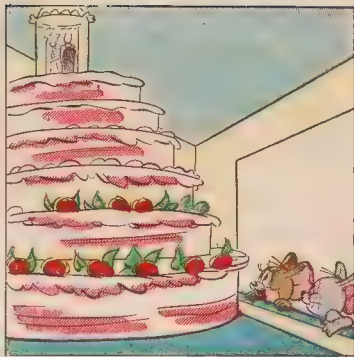
That evening, Jerry and Tuffy again approached the pastry shop. "I still don't think you can find a way to get in!" Tuffy was saying, as they neared the door.

"What's the matter with this mail slot?!" piped Jerry, pushing the metal flap forward, and squeezing through. Tuffy followed, and the two mice were now inside the empty shop!



"It pays to keep well posted on the ins and outs of things!" giggled Jerry. "Now for the feast!"

The little fellows ran all around, but not a sign of food did they see. Every shelf had been scrubbed clean. Nothing remained of all the cakes and



cookies except the lingering aroma of cinnamon, yeast, and vanilla.

Just then, Jerry chanced to look up at the show window. In the middle, under a soft pink light, was a lovely white wedding cake. It was beautifully bedecked with frosting roses, and topped with two little dolls dressed like a bride and a groom.

"That's for me!" cried Jerry, and he rushed for the window. Tuffy joined him on the first tier of the huge six layer cake. Jerry started to break off a bit of one of the frosting roses. "Gosh, Tuffy!" he complained, "This thing must have waited through a long engagement. It's awful stale!"

"Don't be so fussy!" replied his pal. "Stale or not, it's still cake . . ." He bent down and sunk his hard little teeth into the rose. ". . . Ow! Whew! . . . Phooey!!" gasped Tuffy. ". . . This rose is a 'ruse'! It's not frosting at all, it's plaster! !" . . . And he blew out a mouthful of white dust!

"Come on, Tuffy!" Jerry urged. "We'll try the kitchen. You can find some water to wash the taste of plaster away and maybe they might have forgotten to lock up a spare crumb or two!"

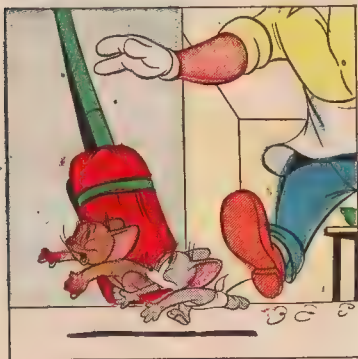
They made their way into the kitchen, but the shiny metal tables and tray racks were just as clean and bare as the shelves in the front room. Suddenly, there was the creaking sound of a door opening, and the kitchen was

flooded with light!

"Oooooops!!" choked Tuffy, who was sitting in the sink, trying to catch a few thirst-quenching drops of water from the dripping faucet. He scrambled out of the sink as fast as he could, but he wasn't quite fast enough.

"Sooooo!!!" boomed the loud voice of a white-hatted pastry cook, and he ran to get a broom!

Tuffy didn't waste any time. He dashed into the bakery shop showroom. Jerry, who had done some fast thinking, was already in there, perched on the top of the plaster wedding cake. "Tuffy!" he called to his pal, in a stage whisper. "Hurry! He'll never find us here!"

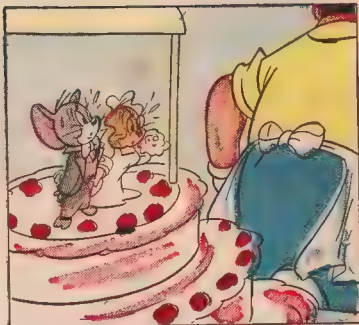


As soon as Tuffy arrived, the two mice quickly dressed themselves in the doll's clothes. There they stood, hardly daring to breathe, till the pastry cook had searched the entire shop with his trusty broom.

When he had finally passed right by them and had gone back to the kitchen, Tuffy put his arms around Jerry. "Ooooh!" he simpered. "You look tho tweet!!!"

"Aw, pipe down!" growled Jerry, struggling out of the lacy wedding gown.

As soon as they got the clothes back on the dolls, the little fellows headed for the door. "We might as well clear out of here," Jerry decided. "This



turned out to be a crummy place for finding crumbs!"

"I don't know," mused the curious Tuffy. "What do you think that guy could be doing here so late? . . . Maybe he's going to take out some of the cake?"

"Fat chance!" muttered the disgusted Jerry. He started to push open the mail slot . . . but it wouldn't budge!

"Uh, Oh!" exclaimed Tuffy. "This thing only opens in! . . . It looks like we're stuck here until morning, when they unlock the door!"

"I guess you're right!" said Jerry. ". . . We might as well get some sleep. We won't get any midnight snack in this place." . . . Soon, a delicious, tantalizing aroma woke Tuffy up. He couldn't fight against it. Staggering sleepily to his feet, he followed his quivering little nose right into the now dark and empty kitchen. . . . Where could this delightful smell be coming from? . . . Ah! . . . The tray rack! . . . Tuffy dragged himself up the metal framework and stopped at the first tray. . . . What could these delectable morsels be? . . .

Tuffy was so sleepy that he couldn't even tell that the wonderful pastry he was sampling . . . hadn't been baked yet!

The cook had made up all the yeast dough and then twisted it into rolls, bread, coffee cake, and buns. These had all been set out to rise, so that the cooks coming in early in the morning had only to turn on the ovens and pop



in the pastry.

Tuffy stuffed himself on the raisin and nut-filled bits of unraised dough! Then, with his appetite completely satisfied, he waddled back to join the sleeping Jerry.

While the two mice slept, the yeast dough began to raise. The buns grew three and four times as big as they had been at first: The coffee rings, the rolls, the bread all expanded . . . and with them grew Tuffy!!! He had gobbled down four or five good sized buns, and now each one had gotten bigger and BIGGER!

The morning sun reached in through the large front window of the shop and awakened Jerry

Jerry stretched and opened his eyes . . . Then, he did a backwards somersault, screaming "TUFFY!!!" at the top of his lungs! For there, lying not three feet away, was the most gigantic mouse he had ever seen!

When Jerry yelled, the strange mouse sat up in a very clumsy position and squinted out of half-closed eyes. "Wh-wh-what's the matter, Jerry? Wh-wh-wh-whillickers! . . . How did I get so fat?!!!"

"G-Golly, Tuffy!" Jerry stuttered, looking at his swollen pal. "You sure scared me!"

Tuffy stood up, then waddled over and peered at his reflection in the shiny glass of an empty showcase. He looked so silly that he began to laugh

. . . Jerry joined him . . .

"Oh, Tuffy!" gasped Jerry when he could talk. "Whatever did you eat??"

"I don't know!" admitted Tuffy. "I couldn't see, but the stuff tasted fine!"

When Jerry looked into the kitchen and saw all the raised dough, he realized what had happened to his pal. "Come on!" he called to Tuffy. "As soon as the cooks come in to start the morning baking, we'll slip out the door. The cold air and some exercise will make you shrink down to normal!"

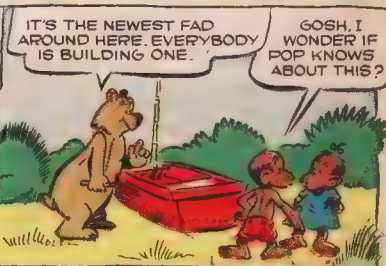
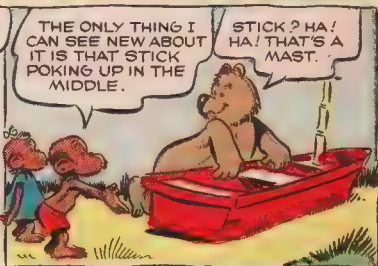
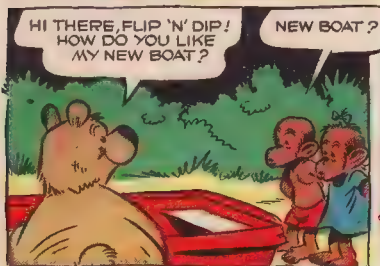
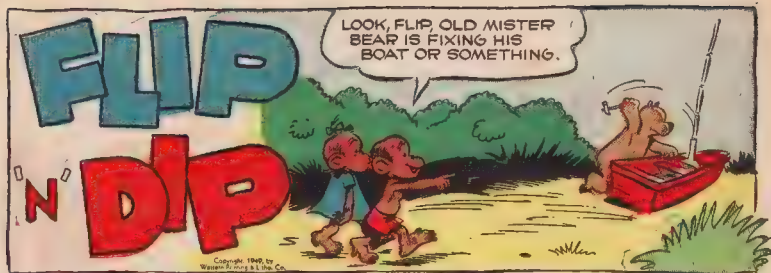
The sound of the key turning in the lock warned the mice that someone was coming . . . As soon as the door opened, Jerry gave his pal a push . . . and Tuffy practically rolled through!

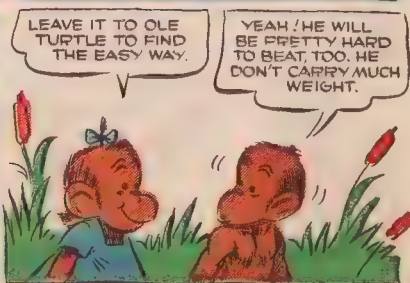
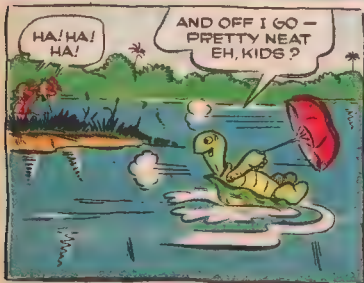
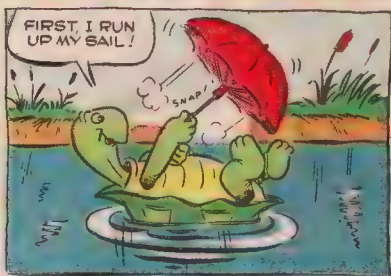
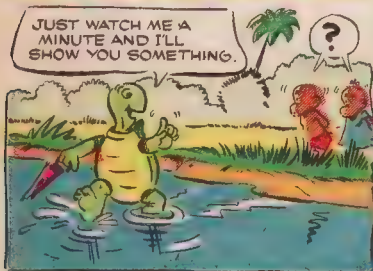
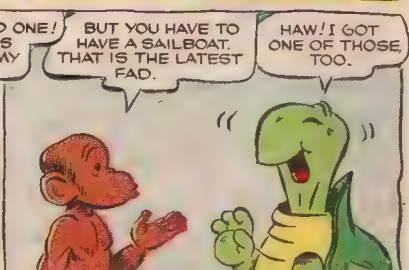
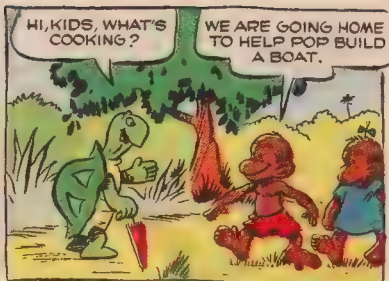
On the way home, Jerry began to laugh again. "You know, Tuffy," he chuckled, "most of your ideas are kind of 'half-baked' . . . but I think filling up on raw dough was carrying things to extremes!!"

Tuffy, who was fast going down to his normal size, retorted, "What if I did get puffed up over having some dough? . . . At least no one can deny that at this stage of the game, I'm a remarkably 'well-bread' fellow!"

"Owww!!!!" groaned Jerry. "I guess we'd both better stay out of bakeries from now on! . . . It looks like all we collected there are a lot of stale 'puns'!"







LOOK, FLIP, HARRY HIPPO HAS HIS BOAT IN THE WATER ALREADY.

HELLO, HARRY!

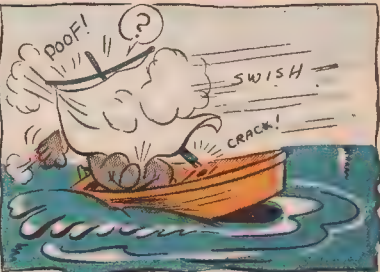
HI, KIDS! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY BOAT?

SWELL, HARRY!

SURE! I CAN TURN IT ON A DIME, TOO. WATCH!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT TURN.

NOTHING TO IT! SHE HANDLES LIKE A BABY.



MY GOODNESS! THAT WIND IS STRONG TODAY.

I GUESS HARRY DIDN'T FIGGER THAT WHEN HE HEADED INTO IT.

POOF! ★ **!!

SHUCKS, I'LL BET POP CAN BUILD A BETTER BOAT THAN THAT.

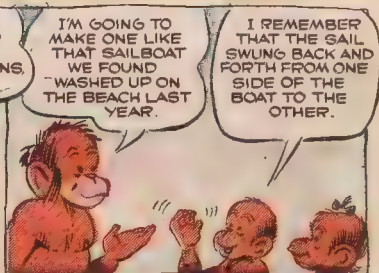
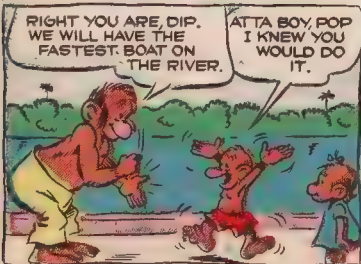
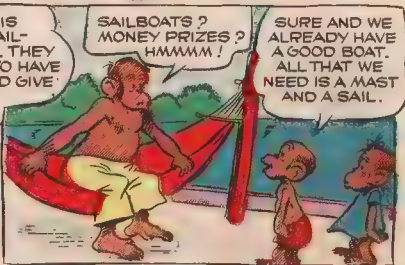
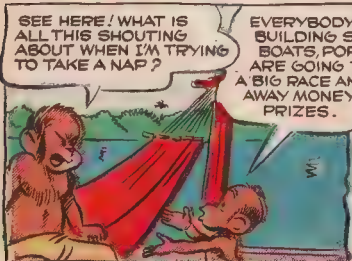
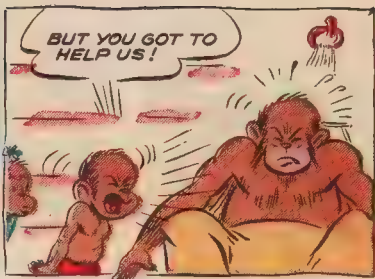
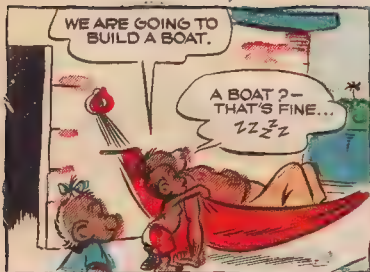
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT POP, BUT I'LL BET MOM COULD.

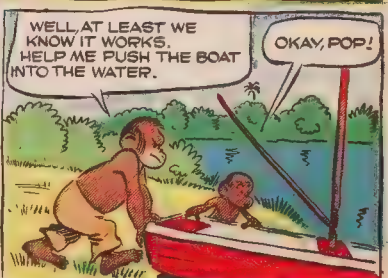
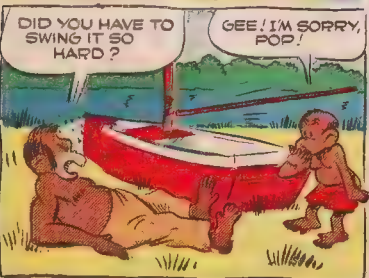
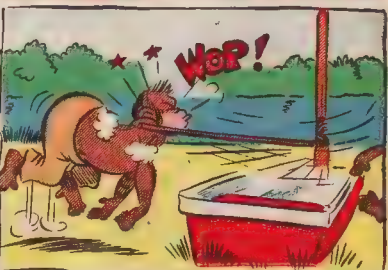
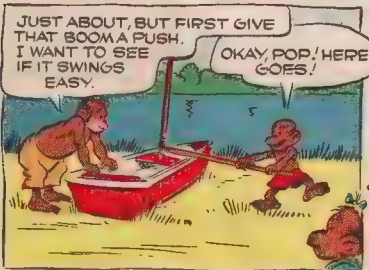
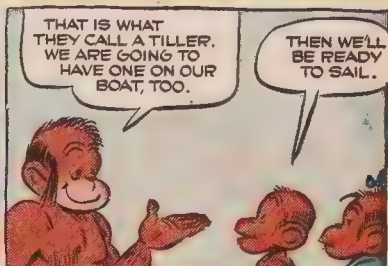
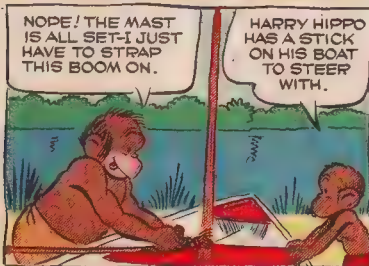
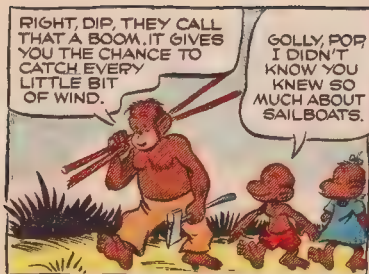
THERE IS POP IN HIS FAVORITE RESTING PLACE.

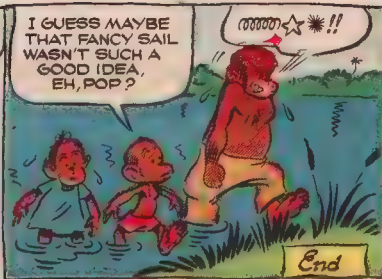
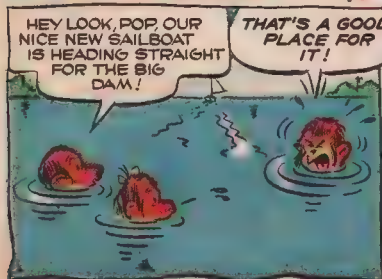
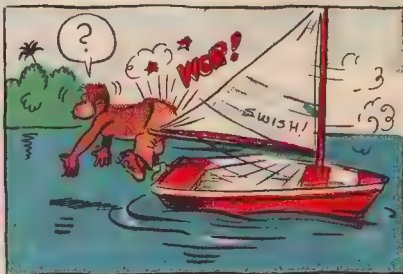
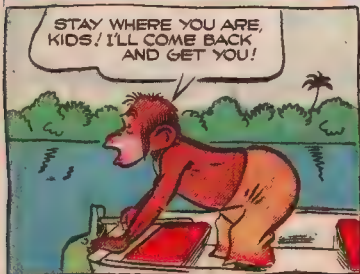
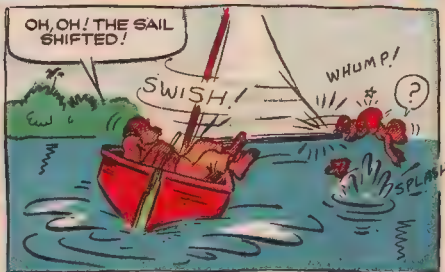
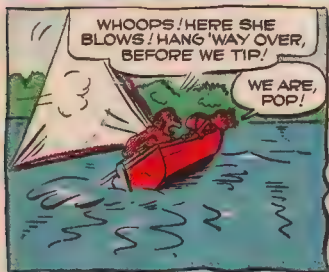
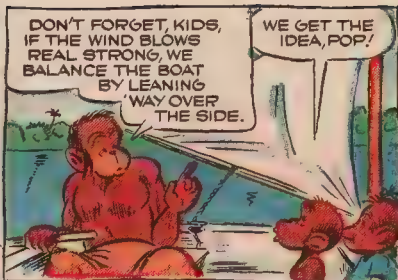
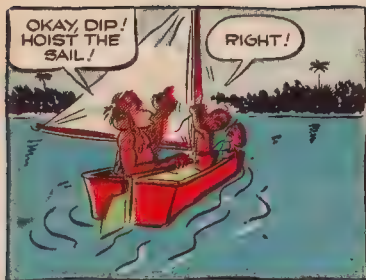
ENJOYING HIS FAVORITE PASTIME, TOO.

HEY, POP, WAKE UP! WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

ZZZ Z
HUH?
WHASSAT?
ZZ Z

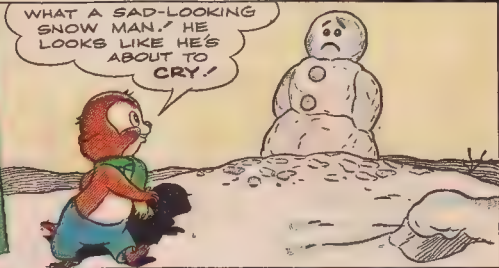






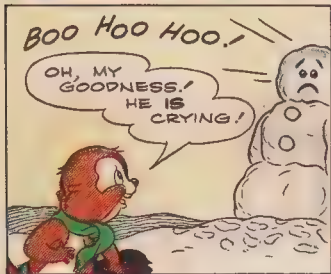
M.G.M.
CARTOONS
PRESENT
WUFF,
the
PRAIRIE DOG

WHAT A SAD-LOOKING
SNOW MAN. HE
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
ABOUT TO
CRY!



BOO HOO HOO!

OH, MY
GOODNESS!
HE IS
CRYING!



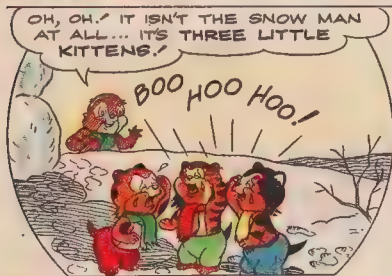
BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
HOW COULD A
SNOW MAN...?

BOO
HOO
HOO!



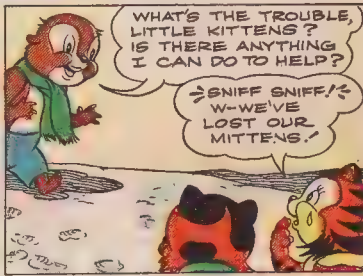
OH, OH. IT ISN'T THE SNOW MAN
AT ALL... IT'S THREE LITTLE
KITTENS!

BOO HOO HOO!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE,
LITTLE KITTENS?
IS THERE ANYTHING
I CAN DO TO HELP?

SNIFF SNIFF!
W-W-E'VE
LOST OUR
MITTENS!

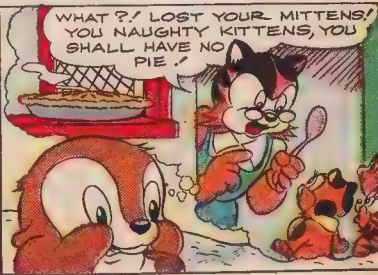


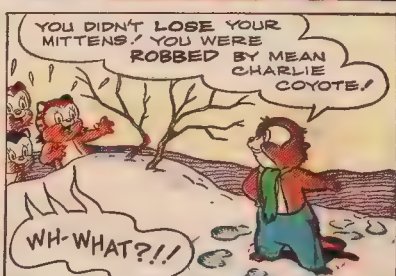
WE DON'T DARE GO
HOME WITHOUT THEM.
YOU KNOW WHAT OUR
MOMMY WOULD
SAY!

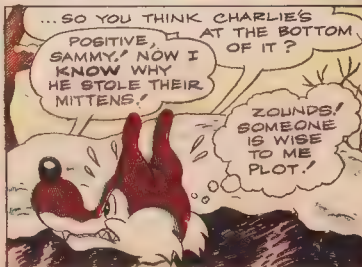
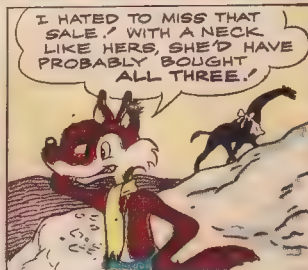
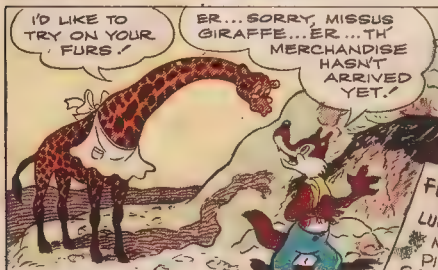
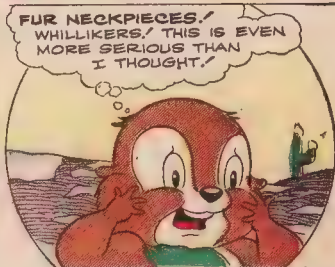
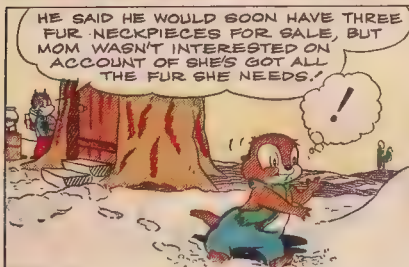
I CAN
WELL
IMAGINE...

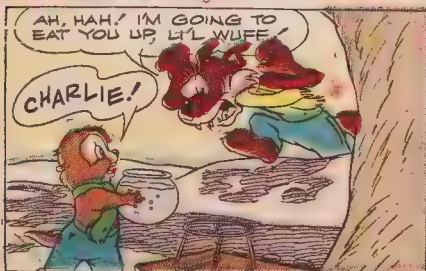
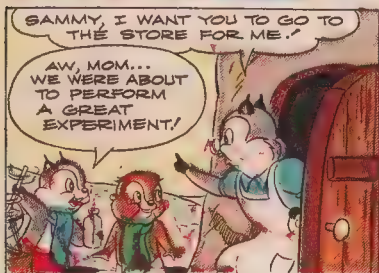
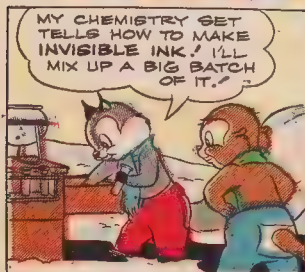
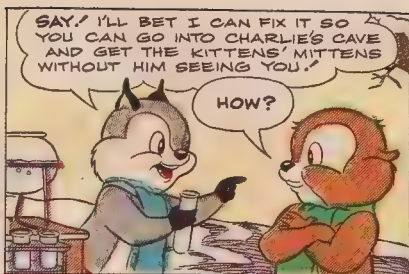
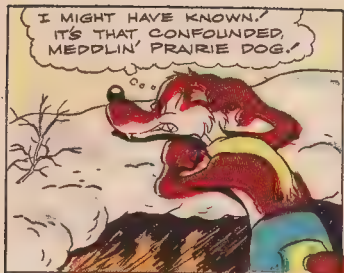


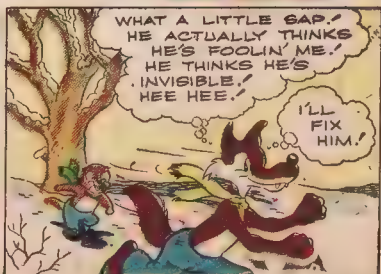
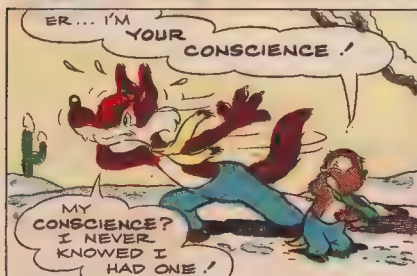
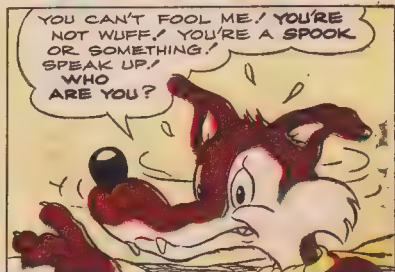
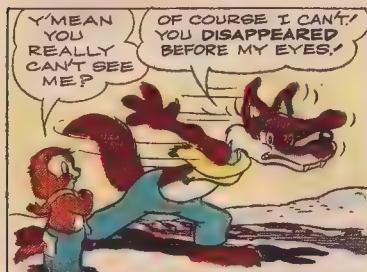
WHAT?! LOST YOUR MITTENS?
YOU NAUGHTY KITTENS, YOU
SHALL HAVE NO
PIE!

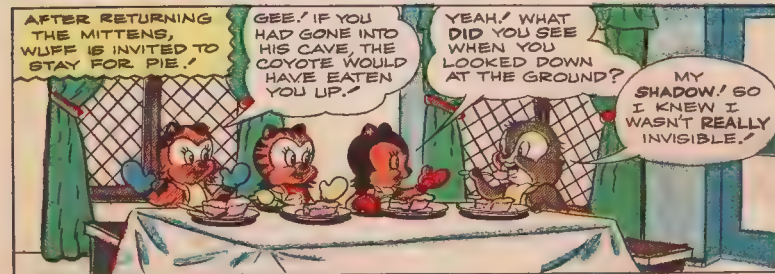
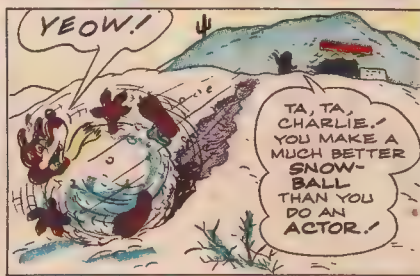
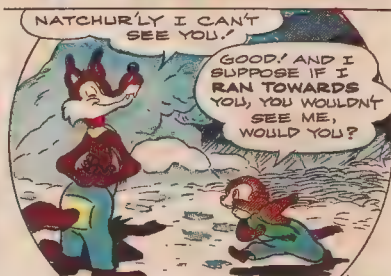
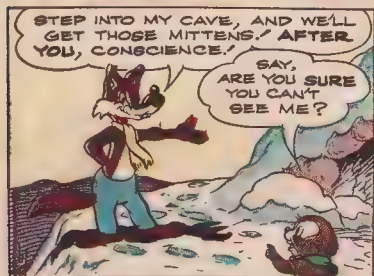
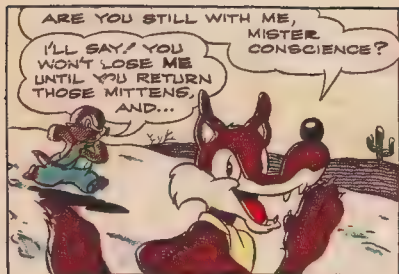






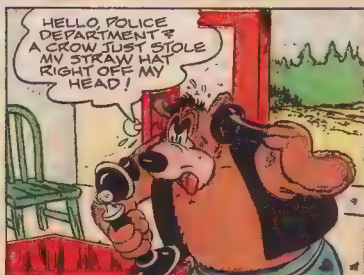
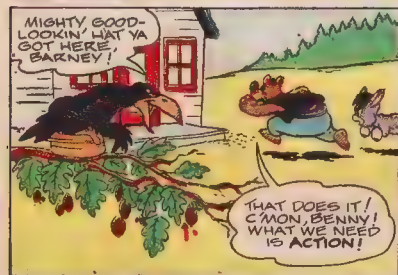
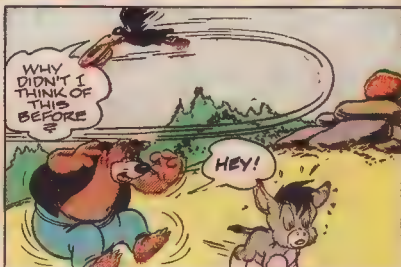
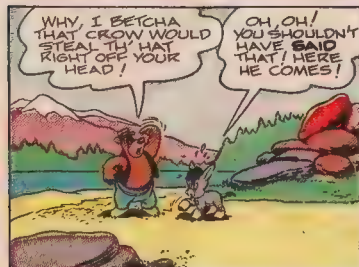
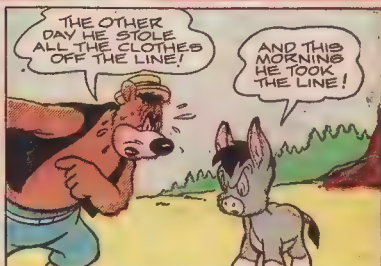
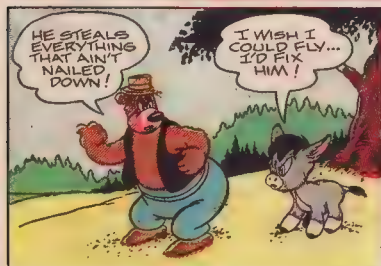
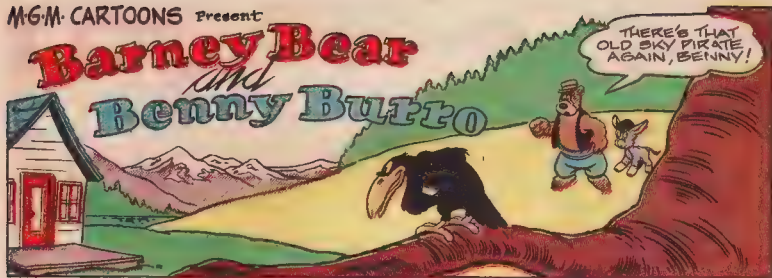


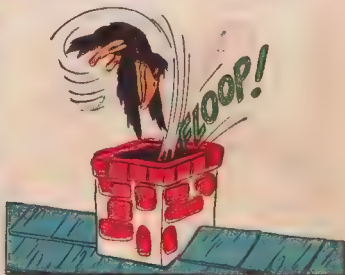
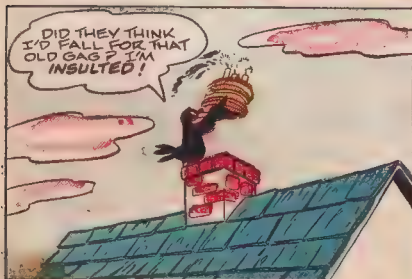
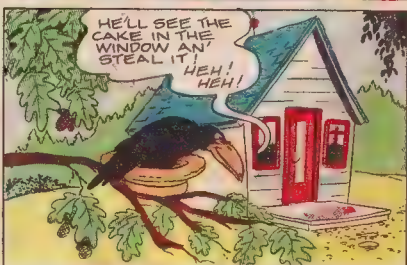


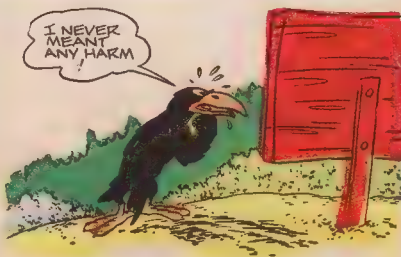
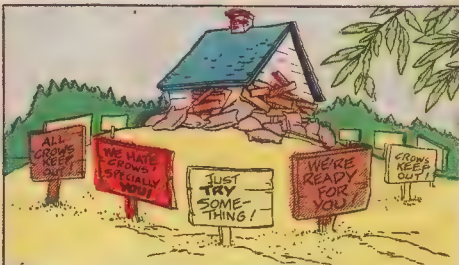
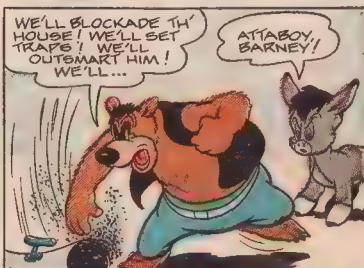
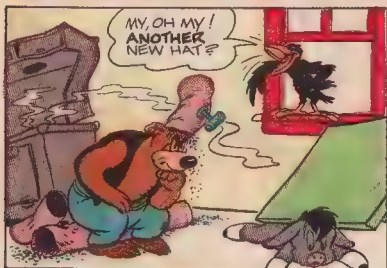
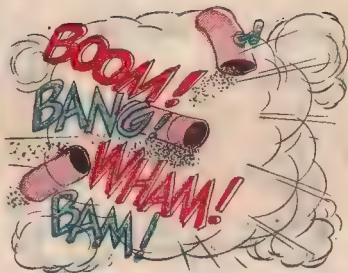
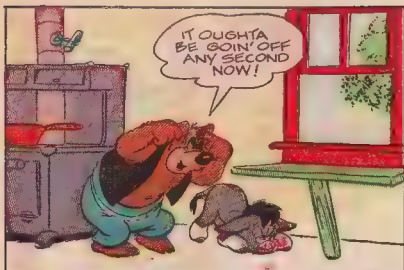


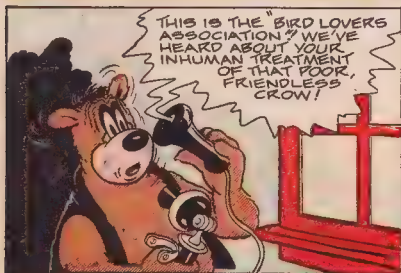
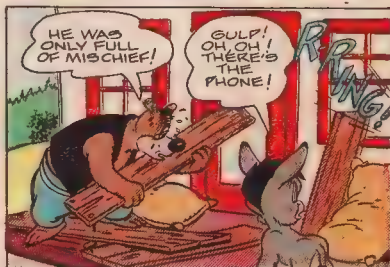
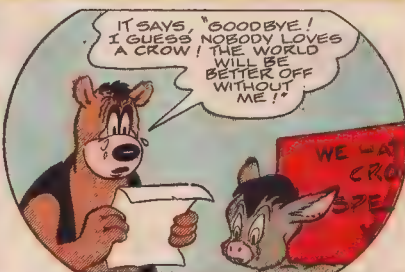
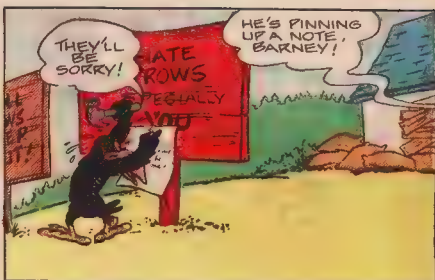
MGM CARTOONS Present

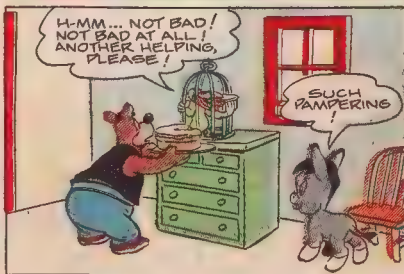
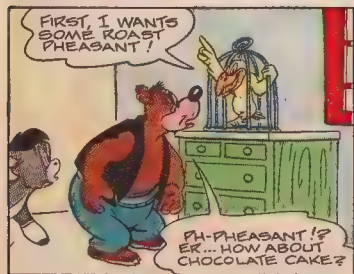
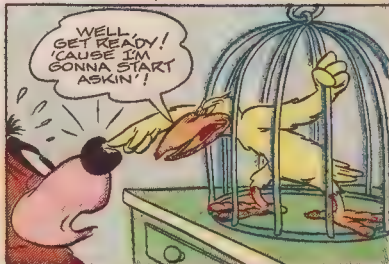
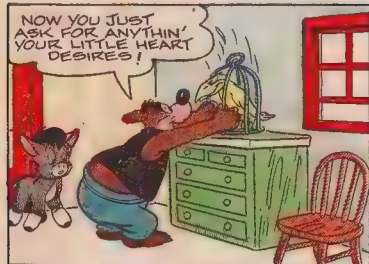
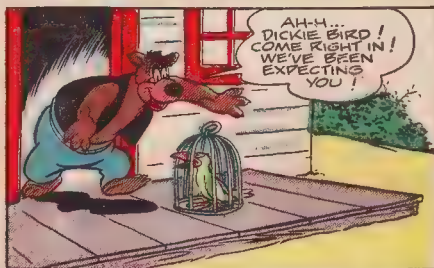
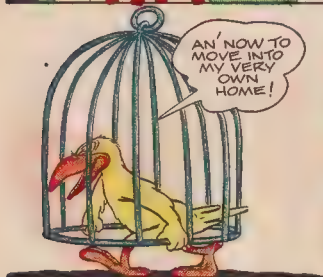
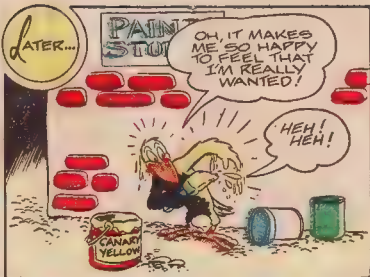
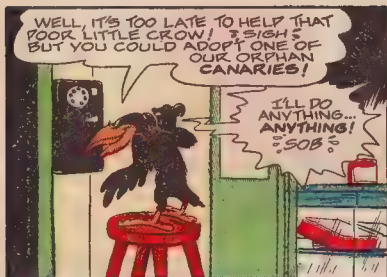
Barney Bear and Benny Burro

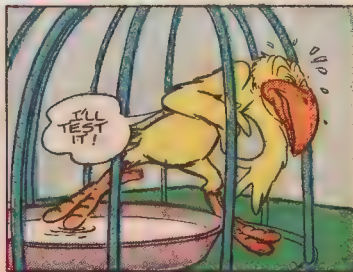
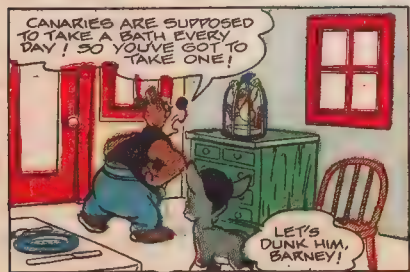
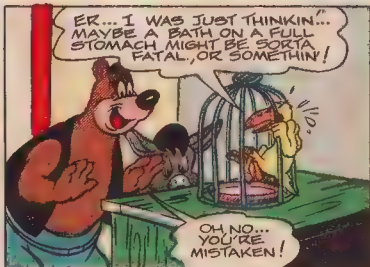
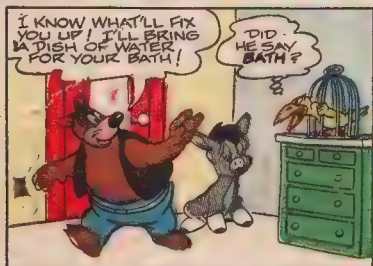
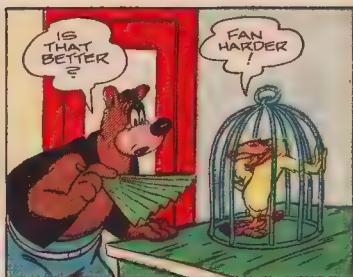
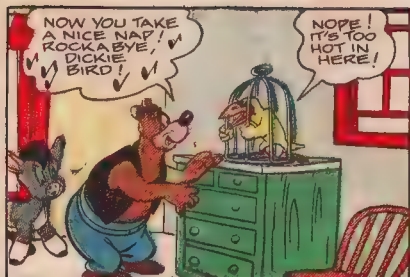


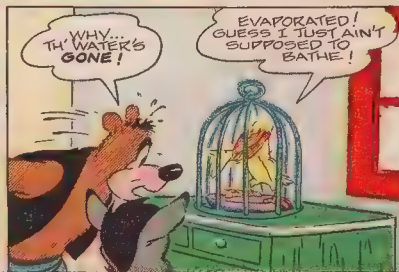
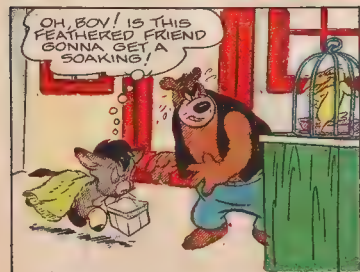
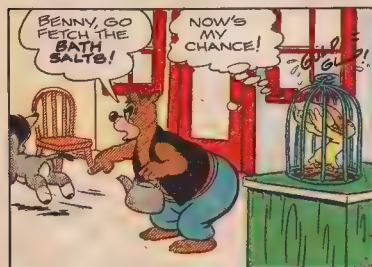
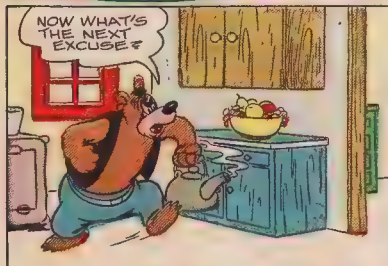
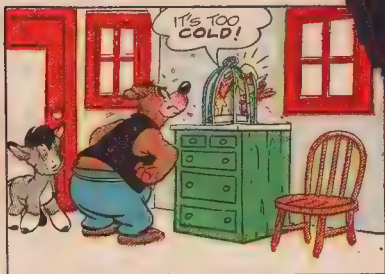
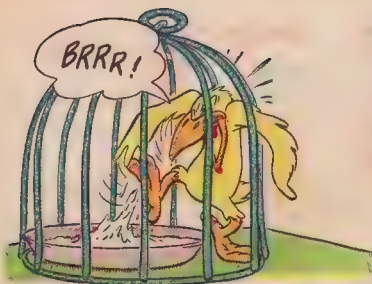


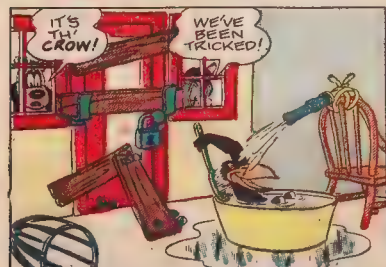
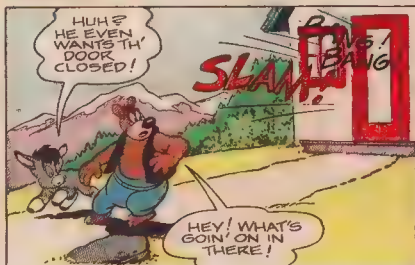
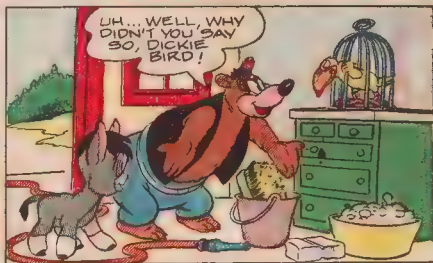
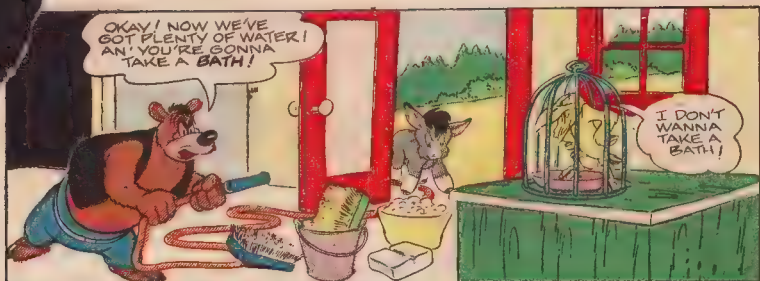




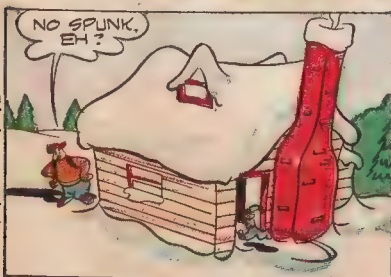
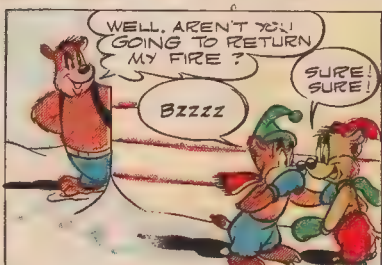
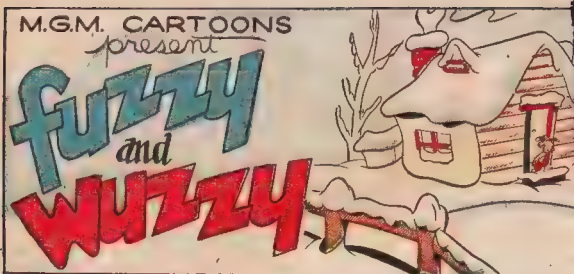


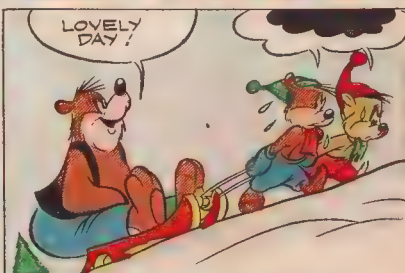
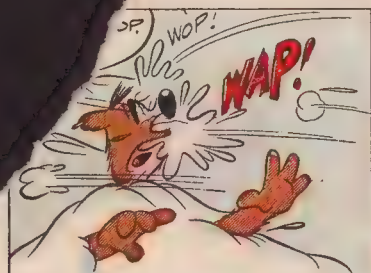
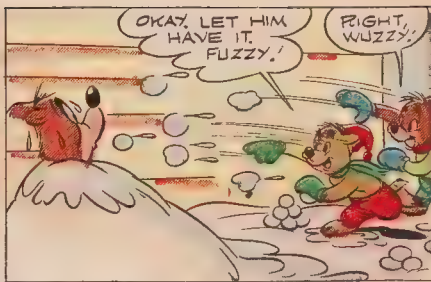
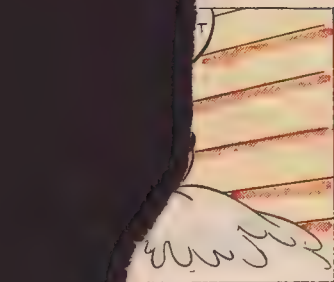


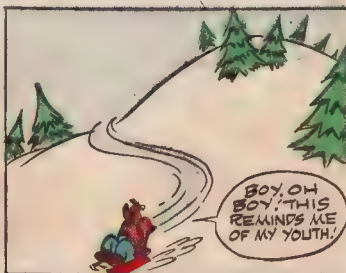
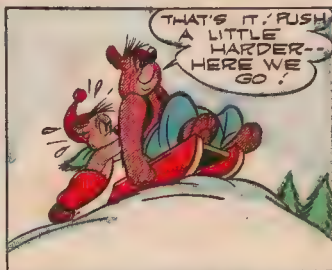
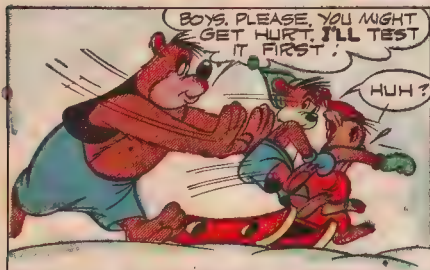
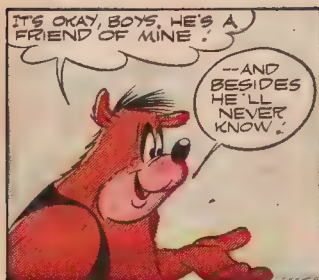


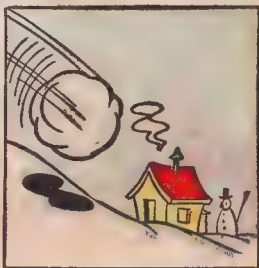
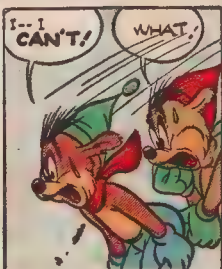


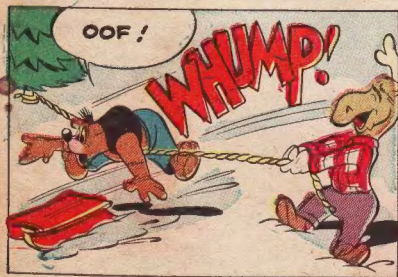
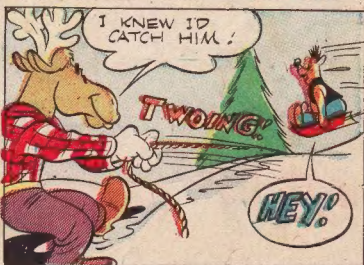
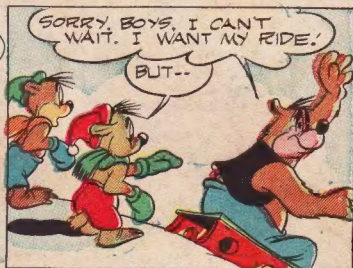
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

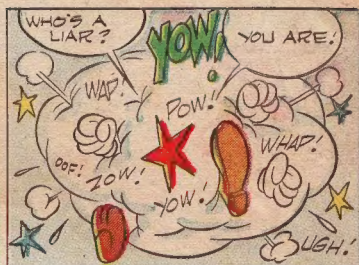
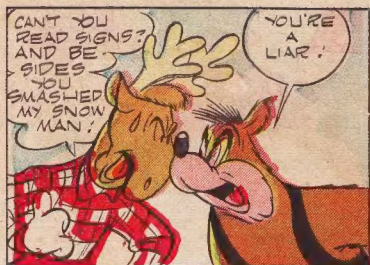












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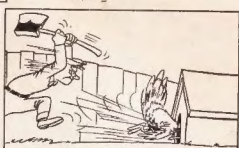
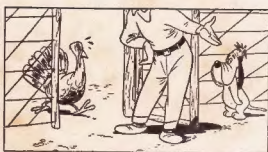
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